

INTERESTING STORY OF OLD MAN'S CAVE.

Story of The Old Man and His Dog Written
by a Resident of Cedar Grove.

The Old Man's Cave, known to many of the citizens of this county, and situated near Cedar Grove, supposed to take its name from the old man and his dog, that explored, and lived in this cave in the 17th Century. The Old Man was supposed to have no other companions except his dog and gun. We noticed written or engraved in Old English on the face of the rocks, the name of the old man, dog and gun. We also noticed the place where the old man and his dog slept. Had a place where his gun laid. These places were plainly indicated. The old man's name was given as Retzler, and the name of his dog was Harper, and his gun pointer, bearing the date of 1702. The Old Man's Cave is about 800 yards long and its width is about one half its length. It is on an elevation of about 75 feet above the sparkling water of Cedar Valley. The most interesting part of our story of the Old Man's Cave is yet to come as you will notice further on. Not long ago two boys were exploring the Old Man's Cave, after they had been roaming through the cave for some time, they evidently became weary and built a fire within the limits of the cave, and sat down to rest. Hearing a rustle and footsteps near them, they looked and what was their surprise to see, an old man with long gray hair and beard of a monstrous length, wearing old fashioned clothes and moccasins on his feet, a gun on his shoulder, and a dog walking at his side. The old man and his dog passed the boys. The old man looked at the boys with smile, but said nothing to them, and the dog looked straight ahead, and stayed close to his master. The boys were amazed at the strange actions of the old man and dog, and so kept a close watch after the mysterious man and dog. They walked around the cave looking every where and finally they came to a standstill at one place near the edge of the rocks. On these rocks were considerable writing concerning the old man and his dog, and not far from this place was considerable depression or a place lower than the rest of the ground around it. And to this place it seemed that the old man and his dog were particularly attracted. The boys told of their adventures in the Old Man's Cave and of the mysterious stranger that came to the cave while they were there; and of where he went in the cave and of his stand still at this one certain place, before mentioned. With the help of a tourist we thought we would find out if we could, the mission of the mysterious man with his dog and gun. Securing mattock, pick, and shovel, we proceeded to the place pointed out by the boys, where the old gray headed man and his dog dwelt so long, and then sank at once into the ground. We have already mentioned that on the face of the rocks at this place were writings concerning the old man and his dog. We have also said that there was a depression near the base of the rocks. It seemed that the ground in this place had sunk, or from cause had yielded its pressure in such a manner that it made it noticeable to the eye of the tourist, that the depression

meant something. We then took a vessel and bailed the water out of the depression, and with the help of the mattock and shovel, we moved the dirt and sand out of the depression to the depth of about 3 feet, when we came to a solid surface. We then removed the dirt and sand along this surface, when we found it to be a box or something of the kind. On the top, it was about 6 x 4 ft. On further examination we found this box to be some kind of earthen ware and of a porous nature so that the water could penetrate through it. We found a lid neatly fit on this box, as we may call it for want of a better name. We then ascertained that this lid was loose, and lifting the lid from the box, there was the old man and dog looking the same as the boys had represented them to us. The soil and water by which they were in and surrounded, had caused them to be in a state of petrification, and were as natural as they had appeared to the boys in their spiritual vision. And there they lay sleeping as it might seem as contently as two little brothers. Near the grave of the old man and dog, was dug, picked or blasted out of the rock. Noticing this fissure in the rock we at once began to explore. We began to throw out the loose rocks and sand. We removed quite a quantity of this loose sand and small rock. We now had a nice dry room about 4 feet square. At the farther end of this room were cooking utensils of earthen ware, and other relics of an antique nature. And there was a flint lock gun, and several other pieces of flint. This gun had a date of 1702. Opposite to where the gun was, we found an earthen pot securely sealed. With a chisel we broke the seal and lifted the lid off the pot. The first at the top of the pot was a periodical in English print, claiming that King George the third had a right to tax the American colonies, with their consent, also a detail of the Declaration of Independence, wrote by Jefferson, and adopted by congress July the 4, 1776. After which copies of the same were sent to the colonies. The next was a paper containing a sketch of the old man's life. He came to the cave, which bore his name in 1750. He was a trapper. He and 25 other trappers came to this part of the country at the same time. He selected this cave for his abode, and his companions locating in different places along Cedar Valley Creek, living in wigwags, and trapping, and that their furs were gathered up by agents at regular intervals, and that they all grew rich. It was also stated that the old man died in 1777 and was buried by his companions, and that his dog was alive in the coffin by the side of his master, and buried. And also that his gun, property and wealth was near his grave. The next we found in the bottom of the vessel, was gold coins to the amount of six or seven hundred dollars. This gold will be taken care of by the finders, and will be devoted to some benevolent institution. Tourists wishing to visit the Old Man's Cave will please notice the legible characters written on the face of the rocks within the Old Man's Cave.

should surmise that the fire marshal being supported by the insurer would work for his interest as against that of the insured. Of this suspicion the attorneys of the criminal are quick to take advantage, charging that the assistant fire marshals who have gathered the evidence are paid detectives of the insurance companies, whose business is to aid a plutocratic foreign corporation in effort to avoid paying the just claim of a neighbor.

Through the philanthropy of the newspapers and magazines of the state which have given an enormous amount of valuable space to bulletins of department, the public has been shown that insurance companies simply assess the danger from fire in each building, collect the amount of the assessment and use the money so collected from several hundred buildings to make good the loss on one that is burned; that when one defrauds an insurance company the community pays the amount; that the fear of prosecution and conviction is the only protection one can have against being burned out by an enemy and that every person in the state pays in some way his share of each fire loss, the cause incendiaryism, ignorance or carelessness. The fire marshal department will continue to be embarrassed to some extent by prejudice until its expenses are paid from the general revenue fund, as are other state departments.

Pyromania (fire madness) is a symptom rather than a distinct form of insanity, but in many of the cases in which it occurs it is the first evidence of mental derangement. It is difficult to convict such a person because no motive for the act of burning can be shown and he may exhibit no other symptoms which suggest a malady of the mind. Later, other marked symptoms of mania develop making the disease unmistakable, but in the interval he may set a number of fires. However, he often than any other incendiary is seen while committing the act, for he has at the time no fear of punishment.

The pyromaniac is seized by an imperative desire to burn. While under this irresistible impulse he has no appreciation of the fact that his act will injure others or may result in punishment to himself.

This propensity of the insane is most likely to develop in the incurable classes of the insane, and in the imbecile, and sometimes is seen in those suffering from epilepsy and paresis. There never comes a time when it is safe to society for one who has once had an irresistible impulse to incendiaryism to be at large.

The increase in the number of this class of burners in proportion to population and will be greater each year, because the increase of the insane population is proportionately greater than that of the insane.

In the group of those who are incendiaries on account of malice or revenge is placed those who burn because of envy or jealousy. The number of these cases has been diminishing as the public have become impressed by the fact that suspicious fires are investigated by trained assistant fire marshals who pursue incendiaries relentlessly. The deterrent effect from the existence of these state fire-policemen is not so marked in this class as it is in the class who burn to gratify because the burner for gain dispassionately weighs possibilities.

D. S. CREAMER,
State Fire Marshal.

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Our Story Teller.

The Other Fish.

BY F. H. LANCASTER.
(Copyright, 1908, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Voilà! Pierre had never been drunk before. Had never done anything that a straight young man should not do—until the "turpentine man" came out on the hayon and said to old man Etienne that he would give him three dollars a hundred for the turpentine rights in his strip of 10,000 pine trees. And that very same day Pierre came to ask old man Etienne for his daughter.

"So you think you be first one, eh? You say 'three dollars one hundred,' Dieu, but das old man reech! And me, I tie to Amanda tout-de-suite. Ha, das what you tink maybe. But I say non! You hear das? Non!" But it was not because of what the old man said; it was because he saw Amanda walking to church with the "turpentine man" and could not make Amanda see him that made Pierre take a bottle of whisky down into the bend of the bayon and get drunk. Yes, and stay drunk, sleeping most of the time till the bottle was empty.

It was the suck of oars in their locks that woke him. Then voices came, and he listened:

"Dey say Pierre ain't going win race dis year,"

"Pourquoi?"

"Dey say 'turpentine man' going run his fast boat; dey say Amanda going sail wit' him."

"Ha!"

The suck of the oars died away. Pierre plunged into the bayon and swam until sober. "Pardieu, dere's more dan one girl in de world!"

Alors quoi? As soon as he was sober he went down to the store and bought two yards of very narrow, very pink ribbon, and he must have wanted it for a fishing line, because as he strode away from the store he was saying under his breath: "Il y a les autres poissons dans la mer, toujours. Ah, ouï! toujours."

And so thinking of the other fishes always in the sea, Pierre made his way through the woods to old man Aloysius' front gate. He surprised Cecilia on the front steps, and she could not get up, because she had no shoes on. Pierre sat down beside her and they spoke of the weather which had been very dry lately—fortunately for Pierre, though he did not mention that phase of it; they spoke also of mamma's garden and papa's crop, Cecilia with such dignity as one



Why Should He Not Hold Her Hand?

may when one's little sister is giggling within doors because one has been caught without her shoes; and Pierre with such intelligence as one may when one is talking of one thing and thinking of another. And presently Pierre's thoughts came to the front with:

"I been tink, me, das maybe you'll sail in 'Lis des Eaux' wit' me on Fourth of July. Das make me proud, yes."

Cecilia was swept into silence by the rushing sweetness of this surprise. She forgot the little sister giggling within, forgot that she had on no shoes. There was only the trembling strong fingers pressing a tiny packet into her hand, only the pleading of that pleasant—very pleasant voice:

"Das my color, pink. You going wear it?"

"Yes," she murmured, "I wear it."

Alors quoi! Why should he not hold her hand? Is it not good to feel slim fingers within your palm after you have been long alone? And if it be a girl's love that puts the fingers there, what matter it, which girl? And if it be moonlight, and mamma has called off that giggling little sister—Voilà!

It was a hot day, that Fourth of July, a very hot day. Mme. Paul's baby got a sunstroke and old man Zeno became prostrated and fell off the wharf into the water, and too many men took too many drinks. Mias quile voulez-vous? Was it not the Fourth of July with a boat race on the bay? The regatta was to be run in three classes. Schooners, sloops and cat-boats. Some there were in that sweltering crowd who followed the flight of the schooners, but upon wharf and beach and bank every 'Cajan's eye was upon the cat-boat race, and every son of 'Cajan's money was upon one of the two racers. The "turpentine man's" cat, the Kitten, that flew the blue pennant, and Pierre's Lis des Eaux, that flew the pink. They were well matched boats, and beauties, gleaming white with their broad belts of brilliant blue or pink; each with a big new sail, each with a lovely girl in the bows flying the colors she favored. Each with a sinewy young fellow at the tiller determined to win. Bow and bow the two boats forged ahead, leaving all other racers in their rear, and bow and bow they crossed the line at the judges' stand. Hearty cheering started them on their second course, and after the cheer one single voice like a dropping shot:

"Watch out, watch out he don't get your wind."

For whom was that warning meant? What was it worth? Perhaps one of the young sailors knew. Tense, with ever an eye to the girl in his bows, the "turpentine man" gave his boat every advantage his skill could compass; tense, with every eye to the windward, Pierre went on an erratic tack, caught the Kitten's wind and crossed the line a second ahead. Then the shouting of the 'Cajans drowned all other shouting, then Mme. Paul's baby caught the sunstroke that came near ending its little life, then old man Zeno fell over into the water, then old man Pierre sat down on the sand with a bottle, feeling life too good to stay sober. Many a muttered French oath, many a broken English exclamation, and above their united growth a running chuckle of hoarse laughter. It was the old man who had shouted the warning, and as he laughed he shook a crooked old finger at a smear on the far away skyline.

"Das too far off," objected a mate.

"You watch out," was the only reply. And watch out they did. Already the Lily under her reef was footing it after the Kitten, and already, but too late, the "turpentine man" had seen the white puff now beginning to turn black. It was too late to shorten sail now if he meant to leave himself a chance to win. And win he must, for winning meant Amanda if he could reach the strand before the squall reached him. He resolved to gamble it—as an American will—and gave his boat all the sail she wanted.

On they came, the Kitten and the Lily, and the squall, half a mile, quarter, eighth; while the sky darkened and the waters shivered and the very babies fell silent, the other racers fled to harbor or reefed close.

"He make it," said a man, in a hoarse whisper.

"You watch out," returned the prophet, unmoved. As he spoke, the Lily, like one struck by a strong hand, lay over. But there was a sure grip upon her tiller and no flutters of hope or fear shook the hand that held the halyards. She righted gallantly under her reef, and with the foam curling along her rail, fled away before the rising wind. And then the watchers had eyes for the Kitten, and as they turned their eyes upon her the squall struck her. They saw her leap at the blow, saw her shake off her master's grip as a wet dog shakes off water, saw the big sail go up against the mast with a blow that woke the echo, saw her for a second nose down and then blue pennant and gallant sailer and beautiful maiden with the 10,000 pine trees she stood for were awash in the shivering water. Boats shot out, men shouted, children lifted up their voices and wept—and the Lily dipped her pennant to the judges and ran for harbor.

Cecilia, looking back at the rescuers and their rescued, watched merrily.

"Dey most made some more fish," she laughed, and Pierre laughed also—with tenderness.

"You bring me good luck," he said, gallantly. He had fairly forgotten that Cecilia was herself "the other fish."

THE FALL OF JERICHO

A STORY OF THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN

By the "Highway and Byway" Preacher.

(Copyright, 1908, by the author, W. B. Edgely.)

Scripture Authority:—Joshua, chapter 6.

SERMONETTE.

"And the Lord said unto Joshua, See, I have given into thine hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valor."

God gives men visions of great victories that are possible of realization because his omnipotence is behind them.

Men dream of conquest. Men plan large things apart from God. But the dream never becomes anything but a dream and the plans "gang aft a-glee."

What disappointments life holds for those who plan and work and strive apart from God.

Solomon, the man of rare gifts, and wonderful achievements, turns at last from the sphere of human endeavor, which is temporal, and cries: "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever."

Joshua early in his career as leader of the children of Israel caught this vision of the sure working of God, and to him God gave the assurance of victory along the lines of his will.

There was Jericho great and strong, her massive walls seemingly impregnable; there was her king, proud and defiant; there were the mighty men of valor ready to die in defense of the city.

This was what Joshua saw perhaps before he sought out the Lord and obtained a vision from the Divine viewpoint.

But after that it was no longer the strong walled city and the powerful king and the mighty men of valor which he saw, but rather that city low in the dust, that king and his army within his power.

Such was the vision; such was the promise of God. But as Joshua went out the next day the city was still there, the king was still on his throne, the mighty men of valor still watching on the wall.

There was much to do to make the vision a reality; to claim the promise of God. But the vision and the promise were the goal ahead towards which unhesitatingly and unyieldingly Joshua strove. He knew he should attain, because God had willed it.

Look up, O Christian! Catch the heaven-born vision! Hear the God-given promise of victory.

There is many a Jericho in thy life that must be conquered before you can enter into the full possession of the land God has purposed to give you.

THE STORY.

THE day on which the children of Israel crossed Jordan was a day of terror in Jericho. The spies which the king had sent out to watch the movements of the Israelites had returned in haste telling strange stories of how the waters of the Jordan had divided and the people and all their flocks and herds had crossed over on the dry bed of the river, and were even now on their way to attack the city.

In their excitement and alarm the 40,000 fighting men which had crossed the river in advance had been magnified into a great army, and only the orders were given that the city gates be closed tight and a double guard be placed upon the wall. All the fighting men of the city were speedily summoned and slept upon their arms that night, expecting that an assault might be made upon the walls under cover of darkness.

That was a terrible night in Jericho. People ran through the streets like mad, cursing and fighting with each other in their wild terror, and alternately shouting maledictions upon the Israelites and their God, and calling upon their gods to hear them and help them.

Rahab and her kinsfolk gathered with her in her little house upon the wall listened to the tumult without and wondered if already the Israelites had taken the city. But no, it could not be, for that evening as the sun had set and Rahab had gone to the window to see that the scarlet cord, the pledge of her deliverance, was still in its place at the side of the easement, she had looked out across the plain and had seen the Israelites peacefully encamped.

"But they will come tomorrow," she thought, and as the tumult without increased, she turned to reassure her relatives gathered about her, when a loud pounding upon her outer door was heard. Tremblingly she went to the door, and without drawing the bar shouted to know who was there and what was wanted.

"The Israelites be upon us, Rahab," shouted a gruff voice, which she recognized as that of the captain over the guard which kept the wall, and who had been a frequent visitor to her house in times past. "Flue into the heart of the city, where the women

and children are being gathered, for in your place here upon the wall you will surely perish in the first assault which is made upon the city."

"Nay, I will stay here," Rahab shouted back.

"But thou must not! Make haste! I cannot longer parley with thee," and the captain hurried off to direct the preparations which were being made to strengthen the defenses of the city.

As Rahab went back to the little frightened circle of relatives the doubt crept into her heart: "Suppose the Israelites in their excitement and in the rage and tumult of battle did not see the sign in the window, after all. Suppose they did not remember in the fierce rush of the conflict." But she brushed aside the thought, and spoke out bravely:

"We will stay here where we were bid. The scarlet cord in the window. The God of the Israelites will remember, he will not let harm come to those who are sheltered under this sign, which is the token of his pledge of mercy."

Thus in Jericho that night while the terror was upon the city, there was in the home of Rahab the whisperings of peace, because of the slender faith which reached out after the true God and the people of the true God.

But dawn came at last, and with it a reassurance to the people of the city, which was quickly dispelled when the lookouts in the towers on the walls reported an unusual activity in the camp of Israel, and that the armed men were gathering and marching towards the city. Instantly the alarm spread throughout the city, and again the fighting men sprang to their arms. The archers stood ready at the word of command to send their swift darts into the ranks of the enemy as soon as they drew near enough, and the double line of guards upon the wall were ready to hurl their spears and the great rocks down upon the heads of the army when it should attempt to storm the walls.

So intent were the men of Jericho in making doubly sure the defenses of the city that they had not noticed what was going on in the camp of Israel, but a shout from the lookouts drew their attention, and they heard them exclaim in derision:

"What! Would they bring their women and children to fight against us? What motley crowd is this that would take a strong city like Jericho?"

At these words all the soldiers crowded for place upon the walls, and they watched with amazement, and then with contempt and derision, the long line of Israelites as they slowly marched around the city. There was the little company of fighting men in the lead, but how small and insignificant they looked against the army which the king of Jericho could muster. Then came the women, carrying something in their midst. These must be the priests, and their burden must be the ark about which they had heard so much. But had they heard so much?

All day long in the streets of the city the discussion went on as to what was the meaning of these strange proceedings on the part of the Israelites. And when next day they witnessed the same performance, and the next and the next, their fears gave place to the most reckless courage. What had they to fear from the enemy which came not near enough for their strongest archers to reach them with their arrows? What harm could come to the great massive walls of Jericho when only the faint sound of the trumpets of the priests reached their ears.

On the fifth and sixth days in which the children of Israel marched about the city, the people of the city completely abandoned themselves to the merry, reckless spirit which took possession of the city, for the reaction from the abject terror of the first days of the coming of the Israelites carried them to excesses which made of the city a veritable carnival of license. Ridicule of the most brazen sort was heaped upon the God of the Israelites. Their gods were brought forth and sacrificial fires built before them. And so as the seventh day dawned it found the people fairly intoxicated with the excesses into which they had been plunged by the strange, unwelcome conduct of their enemies, the Israelites.

"How long is this to continue?" asked the king, as messengers came to him saying that the Israelites were again marching about the city. "Since early morning they have been compassing the city, they said, 'and already now they have marched about the city five times.'"

The king summoned the captains of his army and commanded that the soldiers be gathered under the walls of the city and prepare to go out against the enemy which evidently was not going to make an assault upon the city.

Thus it was that as the Israelites completed the circle of the city for the seventh time that morning they saw the walls of the city black with the armed men of the city, prepared as though to rush upon them. Then it was that the trumpets burst forth in their mighty blast and Joshua shouted and all the people shouted, and behold by the mighty hand of their God the walls of Jericho came crashing down and few of the king's army escaped. And Israel went up into the city every man straight before him and took the city, and the young men that were spies went in and brought out Rahab and her father and her mother and her brethren and all that she had. And they burnt the city with fire and all that was therein. So the Lord was with Joshua; and his fame was noised throughout all the country.

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